

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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SLEEPY PEOPLE.

HAVE you ever read that wonderful story of Rip Van Winkle, told by Washington Irving? For twenty years the poor old gentleman slept—slept soundly all the days and nights, through summer and winter, through rain and sunshine, never once so much as even winking. He had gone out on a hunting-tour, and was far up in the mountains, when through a trick of demons he drank a Lethian draught, and lay down to slumber. Up in the

solitudes of the mountain, far from human footstep or habitation, he slept his long, strange sleep. At last when he awoke again everything about him was so strangely changed that it was a long time before he settled himself down to the consciousness that he was still in the same world he had lived in long ago.

This is part of the story of this wonderful sleep. But besides this man, who became the hero of the strange story, there are many other Rip Van Winkles. Indeed, the world is full of them. There are so many that you need only look about you to see some of them. Possibly when you are in your chamber alone Rip Van Winkle may be there. But who, then, are these

Rip Van Winkles? Let us see. I think the persons who, like the young misses in our picture, go to sleep in church may belong to the order of Rip Van Winkle. Then there are many people who are asleep on the progress of knowledge in the world who belong to the same order. There are so many things to be known, so much to instruct and enlarge and enrich the mind, and they are indifferent to it all. I am sorry to know that there are many even among young people who belong to this class.

Well, some time there will be a waking up. Even after years of slumber, one may be aroused at last.

And then the surprise! What an astonishment there will be at the progress things have made.

BE NATURAL.

IN the study of music you meet with a certain note which is known as B natural, and it is near another note which is known as B flat, and an untrained singer is apt to strike the latter when he should strike the former. This is unpleasant to the ear, and should be avoided.

shows this even in her dress, from the little curl on the top of her head down to her shoe-tie, and she mimes her words and tosses her head and assumes at times a tragic air without the slightest cause. She would like to be called Lady Lofty, but she fails to inspire any one with awe.

Be natural. Nothing is so amusing—nay, so disgusting—to a sensible person as to see a human representation of a well-dressed monkey. The best cultured person is the one that acts

GIRLS AT GIRTON.

GIRTON is the great English college for girls, corresponding to our Vassar or Wellesley. This description by a student will give an idea of the life the English girls lead near the great battlements of Cambridge—

“The life at Girton is a wonderfully happy one. I think it is partly the freedom enjoyed—the freedom to choose your subjects of study (that is, within the limits of the Cambridge examinations), the freedom to make your own friends, to work, to play, to get up, to go to bed, to go out or stay indoors—all as seems to you best—conscience your only monitor.

“There are college rules, but they so reasonable that there is little temptation to break them, and no form of penalty corresponding to being ‘gated’ or ‘rusticated’ has yet had to be invented by the Girton authorities. It is as different from school life as possible. The work is hard, but there is not the strain of the daily scramble to prepare, perhaps, five different lessons for the morrow. You attend the lectures fixed for you, but beyond these hours your time is your own to allot. If you are especially interested in your subject, you can go on

working several hours longer than usual; if you are tired, you can lay down your book.

“You are liable to no interruptions save from your friends, from which you can protect yourself, if need be, by pinning a card marked ‘Engaged’ outside your door, which is the Girton equivalent for ‘sporting the coal.’ Thus, when you sit down to your desk, you have an undivided mind to give to what you are about to do, instead of feeling distracted, as one cannot help doing when one tries to read in the midst of home-duties.”—*Our Youth*

We only live to teach us how to die.



SLEEPY PEOPLE.

So it may be with your manners as with your singing, if you are not upon your guard. Let it be your aim in life, then, to be natural and never to be flat.

There is Miss Impressive that you met the other day. When she was a little girl she laughed and talked and played, as did every other girl, in an artless way. She assumed no airs and seemed to be unconscious of self. Now all is changed! She has been at one of those few boarding-schools where show is put before sense and style before learning, and now that she is a mature young lady of seventeen summers she is a mass of affectation. She

with unconscious dignity and grace, and he who has a kind heart and good common sense will soon learn the secret of good manners. Abraham Lincoln spent his early life amid a rough but kindly class of persons, but when he held his receptions at the Presidential mansion he was in his personal bearing the equal of any of the ambassadors who came from the courts of Europe. Be true, then, to thine own self and to thy better nature.

Do not growl when little things go wrong. Always bear in mind that when the thermometer is low coal is high. Life is full of compensations.